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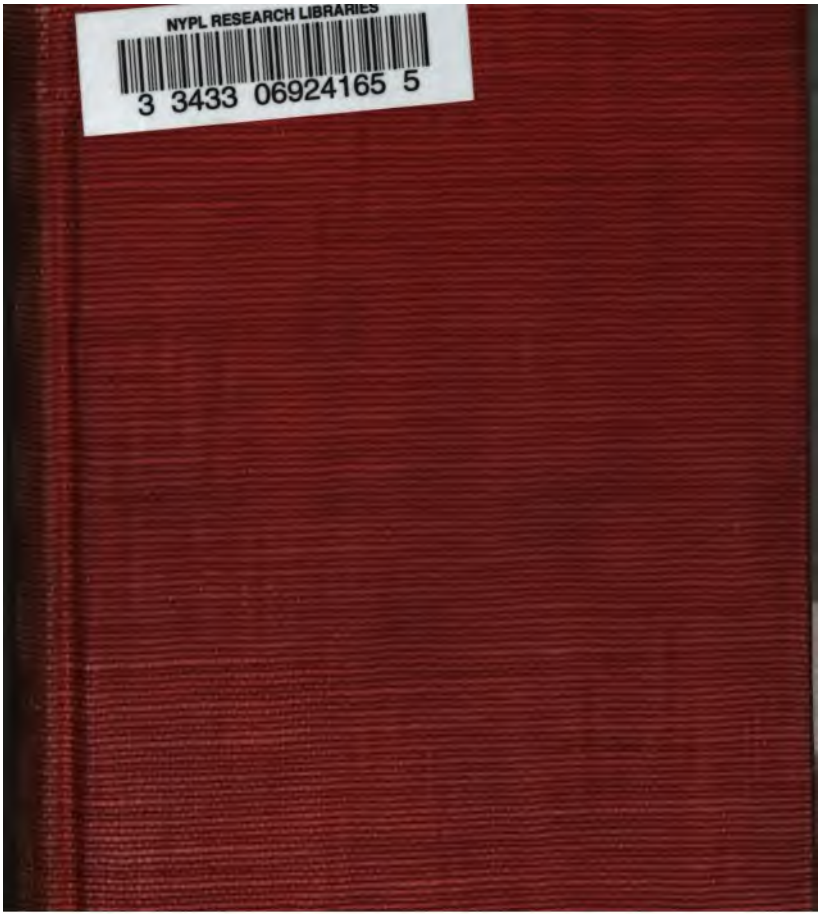
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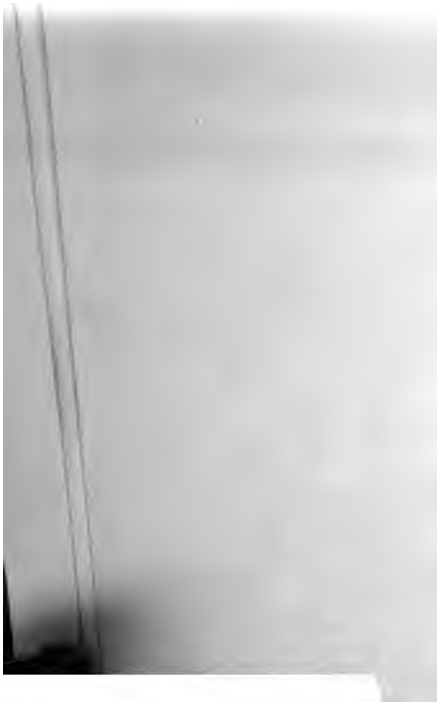

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Hewitt







The Little Beggar Girl.—(Page 18.)

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SONGS AND STORIES.

FOR

MOTHER'S DARLING.

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SONGS AND STORIES.

THE EAGLE.

No, not in the meadow, and not on the shore;
And not on the wide heath with furze covered o'er,
Where the cry of the plover, the hum of the bee,
Give a feeling of joyful security;

And not in the wood, where the nightingale's
song,
From the chesnut and orange pours all the
day long;
And not where the martin has built in the
eaves,
And the redbreast e'er covered the children
with leaves,
Shall ye find the proud eagle! O no, come
away;
I will show you his dwelling, and point out
his prey!
Away! let us go where the mountains are
high,
With tall splintered peaks towering into the
sky;
Where old ruin'd castles are dreary and
lone,
And seem as if built for a world that is
gone;

There, up on the topmost tower, black as the night,
Sits the old monarch eagle in full blaze of light:
He is king of these mountains: save him and his mate,
No eagle dwells here; he is lonely and great!
Look, look how he sits! with his fierce glancing eye,
And his proud head thrown back, looking into the sky;
And hark to the rush of his outspreading wings,
Like the coming of tempest, as upward he springs;
And now how the echoing mountains are stirred,
For that was the cry of the eagle you heard!

Now, see how he soars! like a speck in the height
Of the blue vaulted sky, and now lost in the light!
And now downward he wheels as a shaft from a bow
By a strong archer sent, to the valleys below!
And that is the bleat of a lamb of the flock;—
One moment, and he re-ascends to the rock,—
Yes, see how the conqueror is winging his way—
And his terrible talons are holding their prey!

Great bird of the wilderness! lonely and proud,
With a spirit unbroken, a neck never bowed,
With an eye of defiance, august and severe,
Who scorn'st an inferior, and hatest a peer,

What is it that giveth thee beauty and
worth?
Thou wert made for the desolate places of
earth;
To mate with the tempest, to match with
the sea;
And God showed his power in the lion and
thee!

A STORY FOR LITTLE BOYS.

THERE are a great many good boys, and we are sorry to say, many bad ones too. We wish all boys were good ones, then we should have no stories to tell about bad ones. This time we are going to tell you of two boys, one good and the other bad. They both lived in the State of Ohio. Perhaps some of our young readers may know them.

Charles was the name of the good bo
He was an only son. He was always ob
dient to his parents, and kind to his litt
sister.

One day his mother gave him two appl
to take with him to school. He was a ki
and generous lad, and on meeting Hen
another boy whom he knew, he polite
offered him one of his apples. This boy d
not like to go to school nor to read good bool
He was very rude, and took the apple wit
out thanking Charles for it. And, what w
still worse, he knocked the other apple o
of his hand into the mud.

This was a very unkind act; and wh
do you think Charles did? What wou
you do if any one should treat you so? W
will tell you what this good boy did. H
was quite small, and younger than t
naughty boy, yet he did not cry nor lose h

temper, but stood up calmly and bravely, looking him in the face, and said, kindly, "I think your mother never taught you the Golden Rule."

Henry thought he would make Charles angry, and get him to fight, but he was quite mistaken. He thought it strange that a little boy should talk as Charles did, and he turned and asked him what he meant by the Golden Rule.

Charles told him that it was, "Do to others as you would have them do to you." On hearing this he looked ashamed and went away; and we hope he has since become a better boy. Perhaps that was the first time he had ever heard of the Golden Rule. As Charles went on to school he must have felt happy that he had acted so bravely and wisely.

Now, little boys, what do you think of

Charles? Don't you think he was a braver boy than if he had become angry, and gone to fighting? Now I want to ask you once more, what would you have done had you been treated as little Charles was? Would you have said, "I won't stand it; I'll pay him back?" This would not have been "doing good for evil."

A FAMILY SCENE.

How beautiful it is for children to early form the love and habit of being useful. See how this beauty is set forth in the following *Family Scene*, by Mrs. Sigourney:—

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage; we must leave this large house. The chil-

lren can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man — to-day, there s nothing that I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and in our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in the active hands and oving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see — you shall see!" said several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We will work and make you rich again."

Such children are true riches to any man.

THINKING OF MERCIES.

(*See* FRONTISPIECE.)

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

While some poor creatures scarce can te
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

hile others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
ord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

re these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
hen let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

Watts.

WHO MADE THEM?

MOTHER, who made the stars which light
The beautiful blue sky?
Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
That rises up on high?"

'T was God, my child, the glorious One—
He formed them by his power;
He made alike the brilliant sun,
And every leaf and flower.

"He made your little feet to walk,
Your sparkling eyes to see,
Your busy prattling tongue to talk,
Your limbs so light and free.

"He paints each fragrant flower that glow
With loveliness and bloom;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume.

"Our various wants his hands supply,
And guard us every hour;
We're kept beneath his watchful eye,
And guided by his power.

"Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To this kind Friend who, from abov
So gently guides your way."

LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS

ʏ father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay;
ıt I hope that, as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.

ɔu loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled;
ıt now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

m sorry that ever I could
Be wicked, and give you a pain;
hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.

ıt for fear that I ever should dare
From all your commands to depart,
henever I utter a prayer,
I will ask for a dutiful heart.

THE JOYS OF SELF-WILL.

"THERE is no joy in life but in doing just what one pleases," said Conrad.

"I don't think so," was the wise answer of his friend Albert.

"We shall see," said Conrad. "Now, here is a bitter cold morning; so, as I do not like to be cold, I shall not stir out of the house, but have a fine roaring fire all day, and some clever, witty book to amuse me."

Saying this, Conrad slipped on a loose, but warm dressing-gown, poked up the fire, and hung his hat and stick upon the peg behind him.

"No cold walking in the mire, no plague of dressing for me! Here I am snug, and sure of being well and free from aches and ailments."

Albert laughed to see him so selfish and so foolish, and left him. Young Albert was active, and willing to serve and oblige; so, when he quitted his churlish friend, he walked to see his sick uncle, and to carry him some game he had killed very early in the morning. His uncle was much cheered by this visit and his chat; and whilst he was with him, he wrote some letters, and did many other little matters for his uncle. They dined upon the game, and his uncle said the pheasant Albert brought was the first meat he had tasted for a long while. After dinner, Albert, leaving his uncle better for his visit, went to his father's farm, to give some orders, and took home good accounts of all that was going on there. He then went into his own chamber, and spent two hours in reading a book his father wished him to study. By this time

tea was ready; and his mother and the little ones were always glad when Albert joined the tea-table, he was so merry, and so handy, and so funny. When tea was over, he took a lesson upon the flute, and, with the help of his master, they had some good music. At nine at night, Albert jumped up, and said, "I will just run down the street and peep at my *happy* friend Conrad." When he reached his room the door was locked; so he peeped in at the key-hole, and there he saw the *happy* Conrad in a fit of rage and shame. His book had been dashed on the floor, and there it lay; a cup and a bottle of physic stood on the table near him, and he was holding his head, as if it ached very much. The servant said Conrad had been very cold all day for want of exercise, and he had been sick for want of air. "Poor fellow!" cried Albert. "So much for the joys of the selfish and the idle!"



MY LITTLE PONY.

OP, hop, hop, nimble as a top,
Over hill and valley bounding,
With your clinking hoofs resounding:
op, hop, hop, nimble as a top.

Whoa! whoa! whoa! how like fun you
stop, you nag, I tell you, tell you;
if you don't, I'll surely sell you.
Whoa! whoa! whoa! how like fun you

Spare, spare, spare; sure enough, we're the
Very well, my little pony;
Safe 's our jaunt, though rough and sto
Spare, spare, spare; sure enough, we're th

Here, here, nere; yes, my pony dear:
Now with hay and oats I 'll treat you,
And with smiles will ever greet you,
Pony dear, yes, my pony dear.

THE CAUGHT ROBIN.

One bright May morning there was an unusual commotion among the birds in the tall old trees in the garden. "What is the matter?" asked little Grace, as she laid down her knife and fork, and suspended her breakfast to listen.

"The cat is troubling them, I fear," said her mother. So Grace went to the door and looked around; but no cat was to be seen, nor could she discover any reason for the excitement among the birds. But the notes of alarm continued so distinct and decisive, that her mother herself stepped out into the yard to investigate the matter.

All our little readers know perhaps—certainly all who are acquainted with the habits of that dear household bird—that the robin has several very diverse notes which

it utters as occasion requires. There is its beautiful warble, which is always so cheering and gladsome, particularly after a summer shower, when it seems in such delightful harmony with the refreshed and smiling appearance which the earth presents. Its brooding note is pleasant too, as it hops and flutters about in the vicinity of its beloved nest and nestlings; but the note of alarm is shrill and startling, so expressive too that no one can hear it without perceiving that the bird has some cause of affright or trouble.

She utters it when she sees a cruel boy c girl, cat or snake, approaching her nes Round and round she flies, perching for a instant here and there, while she repeats h accent of distress louder and shriller, as s sees inroads made upon her best treasu her eggs or little ones. She utters it wh

ever any thing occurs to frighten or give her anxiety; and it was this sound, often repeated, which attracted the attention of Grace and her mother.

Her mother passed from the front yard by a side gate into the garden. When she came to a small peach-tree which stood near this gate, she stopped and called Grace.

"Softly, dear, but come quickly." The little girl was at her side in a moment.

"Do you see this? Here is the occasion of all this distress," and she pointed to a large robin which had one of its feet entangled in a loop of twine attached to the tree, and had almost wearied itself to death in fruitless flutterings to liberate itself.

"Poor thing," exclaimed Grace, and she tried to reach up to the branch where it hung, but was not quite tall enough. So her

mother gently caught the robin and disengaged its limb from the twine.

"O mother," cried Grace, "give it to me, pray do; mayn't I tame it, and keep it in a cage for my own? Yes, mother, do let me have it."

"And would you like to shut up this dear robin in a cage, and inflict so much pain and privation upon it, just because an accident has placed it in your power? Only listen to the distressed notes of its mate, flitting so uneasily about us. Could you have the heart to do it, Grace?"

But Grace looked undecided; she glanced at the serious face of her mother, and then longingly at the robin she held in her hand.

"I would be very kind to it; I wouldn't hurt it for anything," said the little girl.

"I know, dear, you wouldn't intentionally inflict pain upon it," replied her mother;

"but don't you suppose such privation and confinement would be very distressing to it? Suppose, after having had unlimited freedom out of doors, you were to be shut up in a little room not larger than our pew at church; and after having been permitted to pick and eat all the fruit and berries you wanted anywhere, you were to be put on a very short allowance of such food as you did not like—perhaps forgotten altogether some days—would you not think this treatment very hard and cruel? And yet this is just what you propose doing to this poor bird, which was made to fly abroad in God's beautiful blue firmament. Do you think it would be right?"

The tears stood in Grace's eyes. "No, mother, I see it would not. I am glad to have the robin restored to its liberty; but just let me take it in my hand a minute first."

Her mother placed the robin gently in her hand to gratify her by the touch of its soft plumage.

"We feel very kindly towards the bird," she said, "but don't you perceive how even our kindness alarms and distresses it? How its little heart beats. And how it tries to get away from us, though we have done it such a favor in releasing it. It is because the robin is made to be free; God has given him the liberty of the trees, the fields, the sky—and no one has a right wantonly to take it from him."

Grace kissed the robin on his head, and back, and wings, and then opening her hand, said, "Good-bye, birdie;" and away flew the captive to join his anxious mate on the tall larch tree, where they sang all summer the sweetest songs, and safely reared more than one brood of happy nestlings.

LITTLE MINNIE.

Art thou weary, little Minnie?
Lay thy head upon my knee;
It makes the old man's heart rejoice,
Thy sunny face to see;
Well may the aged falter,
Who tread life's rugged way;
When even little Minnie
Grows weary of her play.

Tell thee a story, Minnie?—
Nay, I am growing old;
And all the stories of my youth,
Long since to thee were told.
But, if thou 'lt listen, darling,
There 's something I would say,
That you may oft remember,
When I have passed away.

Minnie! my holiest thought for years,
That's cheered me many a day,
Is the memory of the mother,
Who taught me first to pray;
Minnie! do you remember
Your gentle mother too,
Whose only grief in dying
Was the thought of leaving you?

Ah, child, I mind me of the time,
A tiny babe wert thou—
When the baptismal dew of Heaven
Was sprinkled on thy brow;
Thy mother gave her one pet lamb,
One of Christ's flock to be;
Now, in the fields of Paradise,
She waiteth there for thee.

Ah, Minnie! little Minnie!
When at the close of day,
You kneel beside your little bed,
Your evening prayer to say;

Then pray to God to aid thee,
To keep thy mother's vow;
That sin's dark shadow ne'er may rest
Upon thy fair young brow.

Remember thy Creator!
These words were kindly given,
Even as a Father's hand, that leads
His little ones to Heaven;
Ah! Minnie, closely hold his hand—
As through life's path you roam,
Though rough and thorny be the way,
'T will *safely* lead you home.

And when they lay me by her side,
In the peaceful churchyard there,
And you sometimes gaze with tearful eyes,
Upon this vacant chair,
These words, perchance, your lonely heart
With soothing thoughts may fill;
Think, darling, we who loved you
Are watching o'er you still.



Good-night, my little Minnie!
You're weary now, I know;
Yes, twine your arms around me,
And kiss me ere you go;
Then hie thee to thy chamber—
Another day has gone—
Good night, my precious Minnie:
God bless thee, little one!

INFANT'S PRAYER.

Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child,
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

I thy little lamb would be;
Jesus, I would follow thee:
Samuel was thy child of old,
Take me, too, within thy fold.

JAMES AND THE APPLE.

ONE day James was playing in the yard, and he found, by the side of the fence, a large red apple. He took it up and put it in his pocket. He knew that it belonged to one of the other boys, but he thought he would carry it away alone, and eat it after school. Just then the bell rang for the boys to go in. James went in, and took his seat, with the apple in his pocket.

All the rest of that afternoon James was restless and unhappy. There was something in his mind which seemed to say—"James, that apple is not yours;—you must not keep it." This was conscience, warning James not to do wrong. For he had not yet actually *done* anything wrong. The apple was safe in his pocket. He had not had an

opportunity to give it to the boy it belonged to. He had not yet begun to carry it away to a secret place to eat it. But his conscience warned him against the dishonest act which he was *going to do*.

James felt quite uneasy and unhappy all the afternoon. He tried to amuse his mind by thinking of something else; but he could not, until, at last, just before school was done, he resolved that he would go and carry the apple to the boy that it belonged to. Then his mind was relieved, and he became quiet and happy again.

If James had kept that apple, as he intended at first, no one might ever have found it out; but still it would have helped to make him not only unhappy, but bad. For no boy can do a wrong thing once without finding it easier to do wrong a second time. It was well for James that he listened

to what conscience told him, and better still that he obeyed its voice.

I am sure he found it much easier, when temptation met him again, to resist it, for the rule is true of right as well as of wrong-doing, that every time we make an effort to do well, makes well-doing easier afterwards.

GOING TO REST.

When darkness veils the distant hill,
The little birds are hid and still;
And I my sweet repose may take,
Since my Creator is awake:

How sweet upon my little bed,
Since my Creator guards my head,
And doth the little infant keep
Through all the hours of silent sleep.



"What murmur'd the river to thee?"

NATURE'S WORDS TO HER PUPIL.

By a river I sat in the sunset.
What murmured the river to thee?
"Let thy life's young tide in the light of love glide
To the sea of eternity."

A tree o'er my head was waving.
And what said the old oak tree?
"Learn, learn of my shade the weary to aid
With comfort and sympathy."

A bird on a bough was singing.
What carol'd the merry bird?
"Dear child, dost thou sing hymns of praise to thy King,
With infancy's lisping word?"

A bee came around me buzzing.
And what said the busy bee?
"Oh, let not youth's day pass in idling away;
Or age will be sad to thee."

A rose at my side was blooming.
What whispered the gentle rose?
"With the heart's fresh bloom smile away all the gloom
That care o'er the hearth-stone throws."

A star came out in the twilight.
What word had the twinkling star?
"May peace on thee shine from the glory divine,
Where God and the angels are!"

LITTLE LOTTY.

LOTTY is the German nick-name for Charlotte. The little Lotty that I mean is the daughter of a German shoemaker. Her father is only a journeyman, and works very hard to earn a little money. Her mother has several children younger than Lotty, and one of them is a baby. Lotty does most of the housework, and helps with the cooking. To-day she is ironing, in a little back room, and we must listen while she is talking to herself.

"There, now," says Lotty, "I think that neckerchief will do. Father will look very nice in it, when he sits in church to-morrow. I love to do anything to please father: it makes him smile so, and smoothes the wrinkles out of his forehead, just as this iron smooths the muslin.

"I wonder what makes father look so sad. Perhaps it is because he is poor. Oh! I do wish I was older, so that I could earn something for father and mother! But, patience —patience, time flies very fast. Mother is sad, too, and the tears came into her eyes the other day when she was talking about paying the rent. But they both seem glad when they look at us; that is because they love us. I wish the crease would come out of that apron. It must be very sweet to be able to make our parents happy. We can't pay them for all they have done for us. Father says that the best pay is love and obedience. Well! my iron is cold. I'll put it down, and take another.

"There, I hear mother singing. What hymn is it? Oh! now I know — 'Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly.' I think it is mother's darling hymn. *Mine*

is—'The Lord my pasture shall prepare.' I am glad that I went to Sunday-school, if it was only to learn that hymn. Next Sunday the teacher will tell me something new, I know, for he always says some things we like to hear, and that does us good, too. And he is so kind to teach us good.

"Now my ironing is all done, and after I have fed the chicks, I will learn a new hymn, and some verses for next Sunday."

MY COUSIN FLORINE.

Ah! a sweet little girl is my cousin Florine,
And her eyes are the brightest I ever have seen;
And curls that are glossier, a brow that's more fair,
Or cheeks that are rosier I'm sure must be rare.

But, my dear little reader, do tell me, I pray,
Why, think you, I love her, that cousin so gay?
'T is not for her beauty, though that is so rare,
For some may 'be prettier, and many as fair;

But because she is gentle and loving and kind—
For her goodness of heart and her beauty of mind:
Far better than beauty, and far better than gold,
Are the treasures of virtue young hearts should enfold.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Little children went to play,
When the day was nearly done;
And the fragrant clover field
Redden'd in the setting sun.

They were happy children all,
And they loved each other well,
Kate and Willie, Ruth and Jane,
Even tiny Isabelle.

How they danced among the grass,
How they pulled the flowers up,
And made wreaths of purple clover,
Mingled with the buttercup.

By-and-by a butterfly,
Flutter'd from its hiding-place,
And the children laughed with joy,
At its beauty and its grace.

Oh! its wings were broad and bright,
Gay with yellow, blue, and red,
But it soon grew tired of flying,
And came down on Willie's head.

Little Isabelle sprang up,
And her hand was reached with care,
"Sister Katie, shall I catch it,
While it rests so nicely there?"

"No," said Kate, with gentle smiles,
"That would only give it pain,
Let it rest its feet awhile,
Then fly off to play again."

"No," said Willie, smiling too,
"If it trusts itself to me,
I'll not make my hair a trap,
To take away its liberty."

Little Isabelle gave up
Her design with pleasant face.
"But," said she, "I'll watch it close,
Till it leaves its resting place."

So the children only watched it,
Till it choose to fly away;
Then, with pleasant, gentle feelings,
Off they went again, to play.

LITTLE MARY.

Little Mary was good,
The weather was fair,
She went with her mother
To breathe the fresh air.

The birds were all singing;
Mary chatted away,
And she felt as merry
And happy as they.

ONLY JUST INSIDE THE FENCE.

"JUST inside o

the fence," crie
the little chi
dren. "Oh, suc
beautiful flov
ers! and onl
just inside tl
fence!"

And then stealthy glances were cast t
at the windows, the gate pressed softly, tl
beautiful flowers were snatched with
trembling hand, and the little children fl
away with beating hearts. Were they no
happier, because their guilty feet had wa
dered into forbidden paths? Only a litt
way had they gone, and lo, they had fall
into sin!

The freshness, the fragrance, the beau

f the flowers, were not sufficient to still the emorseful whispers of conscience. *It was nly just inside the fence* they had been, yet hat an ugly mark had sin set upon their ir brows!

Poor little children are we all. Forbidden leasure smiles and beckons to us, *only just side the fence.* Our longing glances linger ere; our feet stray thitherward; it is a ttle way, no one sees us, and we put forth ur hands and pluck the flowers whose fatal eauty is a snare to the soul.

Only just inside the fence! But that ence is set between us and sin. One side f it we may walk safely in the "King's Highway," the other side leads us to temptation, to folly, to crime. Once, when we have set our feet in the forbidden paths, we go again more boldly, till the time comes when that fence, set for our safety, is broken

down and destroyed by our reckless indulgence in evil desires. There is no longer a barrier between us and sin. We do not pause or look round stealthily, or tremble as we grasp the coveted pleasure; our looks are grown insolent and defiant; the guilty blood mantles not on our cheeks at the detected fraud, the selfish indulgence, the debasing irreverence. The fence is broken down, and we wander unrestrained farther and farther on those inviting paths, whose fatal termination is the snare, the pitfall, the abyss of darkness and eternal despair.

"*Such beautiful flowers!*" Turn from them, touch them not, they are forbidden.

"*Only just inside the fence!*" Within that fence is *sin*, without it is *safety*.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

"If I could live till Spring," she said,
"When the first daisies blow,
And meek-eyed flowers soft odors shed,
I'd be content to go.
But oh! it is so cold a bed,
The grave half full of snow."

She slept—I often wonder now
To what sweet land she stole,
And gather'd love's most precious vow
From some celestial goal.
For, oh! such peace was on her brow,
The sunlight of the soul.

I know not where she caught the light,
That glistened in her eyes;
"But, oh!" said she, "'t is always bright—
'T is Summer in the skies.
I shall not feel how deep and white
The *snow* above me lies."

And now the light of early Spring
Casts blossoms on her breast,
And meadow-larks and thrushes sing
Their carols to her rest.
The snows have melted as the wing
Of sunset in the west.

And there are thistles, blue and red,
Half bending o'er her tomb;
And little flowers by dew-drops fed
Just bursting into bloom.
A quiet, little valley bed,
An emerald curtain'd room.

She died, amid the Winter snow,
Of poverty the heir;
White as a lamb she dwells, I know,
Where "little children" are;
For angels sought the cabin low,
And found a sister there.

THE IDLE ARE ALWAYS UNHAPPY.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed little Robert Blake, as he leaned his head against the open window and looked out, "I don't think vacation is very good fun after all; I am tired of playing and tired of reading, and I can't think of anything else to do."

"What if you should try working a little?" said his sister Mary, who sat at the other window, busily sewing. "I dare say the men would be glad to have you help them shake up the new hay, and—

"Oh! I ain't going to work in vacation, I'm sure. Father told me if I didn't want to, I needn't do a single thing except amuse myself; and I don't mean to."

"Yes; but at the very same time he told you that you would find yourself very much mistaken, if you thought you could be happy

to be entirely idle, and he said he shoul
very much surprised if you did not c
and ask for something to do, before vaca
was over."

"Well, I don't care; I know that
pleasanter to play than it is to work, w
ever you may say to the contrary."

"So it is, for a while; but you see y
self how soon you are tired of it."

"Well, I shall get rested pretty soon.

"Yes, a little hay-making would rest
nicely."

"I tell you I won't work in vacatio
you needn't say any more about it;"
seizing his straw hat, Robert ran out of
house. First he took his ball and thre
against the wall a few times; but pretty
the ball went over the shed, and Robert
"too tired," as he said to himself, to go
get it. So he sat down in the swing; bu

had no one to swing him, and it was too much work to swing himself, so he took his kite, and as there was a fine wind, it soon rose to the full length of the string. But Robert found it made his arms ache to hold on to the string, so he wound it up, and sat down on the door-step to consider what he should do next.

It was a beautiful summer day, and as Robert looked around he saw the little brook before his father's house, glittering in the sun, and looking so merry and pleasant, that he jumped up and ran towards it, to see if he could not get something there with which to amuse himself. He sat down for a little while under the great willow on the bank of the stream, and watched the tiny waves so busily dancing along; and he wondered where they all went to, and why they were always in such a hurry. But the wavelets

could not speak to tell him, and so, after looking at the swift current a little longer, Robert picked up some slender twigs, and standing on the old bridge, amused himself by throwing them into the brook, and seeing how quickly they would come through on the other side. But he was soon tired of this sport, and leaning with both arms upon the rail, and crossing his feet, he leaned listlessly over and gazed at the shining brook.

He was aroused from his dream by the sound of merry voices coming towards him; and looking up he saw Susan Brown, the daughter of a neighbor, coming towards the brook, with a great pitcher upon her head, while her little sister Lizzy ran after her, chattering and laughing as if she felt very happy.

"Why, what a great pitcher, Susy!" said Robert, "is it not very heavy?"

"Oh, no, I don't mind it when the weather is pleasant." So saying, she dipped the pitcher into the brook, and when it was filled, she again raised it towards her head; but Robert said—

"You had much better let me carry it."

"Well, if you like," said Susy, laughing.

"And I will bring another one up for you afterward, if you wish," said Robert.

"Thank you; I should like it very much; for I have got to fill the barrel for mother, and I will give you a pail, and you can help me, if you like."

"Yes, I should admire it," said Robert with sudden animation; and for half an hour he worked steadily, carrying the pails and emptying them into the barrel. At the end of that time he felt quite warm and tired; but the barrel was full; and both Susey and her mother thanked him very

much; and Mrs. Brown gave him an apple turn-over, which she had just baked, and which tasted nicer to Robert than anything he had eaten since vacation commenced. After eating this, he went home, and that same afternoon he told his father that he meant to help him part of every day, until school commenced again; "For," said he, "I find there is no work so hard as trying to amuse myself."

EVENING HYMN.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lambs to-night:
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

VOICES.

"And after the fire a still small voice."

THERE is a voice of singing birds
So merry and so glad;
There is a voice of little streams
That sounds both sweet and sad.

There is a loud and fearful voice
Of thunder in the sky;
There is a voice among the leaves,
Of breezes passing by.

There is a mother's voice of love,
To hush her little child;
There is a father's voice of praise,
So earnest and so mild.

We love to hear these voices speak,
We listen to their sound;
We should not like so well to have
A silence all around.

But there is yet another voice,
  That speaks in gentle tone,
I think that we can hear it best,
  When we are quite alone

It is a still, small, holy voice,
  The voice of God most high,
That whispers always in our heart,
  And says that He is by.

The voice will blame us when we're wrong,
  And praise us when we're right;
We hear it in the light of day,
  And in the quiet night.

And even they whose ears are deaf
  To every other sound,
When they have listened, in their hearts
  The little voice have found.

And they have felt that God is good,
And thanked him for his voice,
That taught them what was right and true,
And made their hearts rejoice.

MORNING PRAYER.

I THANK thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
And for thy care of me;
O let me through this day be blest,
And kept from harm by thee.

Help me to please my parents dear
And do whate'er they tell;
Bless all my friends, both far and near,
And keep them safe and well.



MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

A LOW, green-covered mound,
With here and there a flower,
Beneath the shade is found
Anear the old church tower,
And o'er the spot a willow weeps
In silence, where my mother sleeps.

I was not very old
When she was called away,
To sleep so dark and cold
Within that house of clay:
I was a little laughing girl,
With pale blue eye and golden curl.

I heard her feebly sigh,
And say she could not live—
She prayed that God on high
To me would blessings give:
And that same night, they say at eleven,
Her spirit winged its flight to heaven.

And here she long has slept—
It is a sacred spot,
Where I have often wept,
And blooming flowers brought:
They make me think how sweet her name,
How pure her life, how dear her claim.

THE SUNBEAM, DEW-DROP, AND ROSE.

A DEW-DROP hung trembling like a timid thing upon the soft velvet leaf of a rose. It sparkled and flashed each time the breeze wooed the rose-buds, with myriads of brilliant hues, till it seemed as if a rainbow had been imprisoned within its crystal bosom, and was struggling to escape. Now the rose beheld its beauty, and thought she had never seen so lovely a creature; so she spoke to it gently, in a voice that seemed like the essence of a summer wind.

"Be faithful, dew-drop," said the rose, "I love you. You are like the stars that I see looking down from heaven on me when the wind wakens me at night; but I love you more than I do them; *you* are near me, and they are far away. Come dwell with me

ever, sweet gem of the morning, and to thee I will unlock all the fragrance of my bosom.

The rose, as she spoke, unfolded her delicate leaves, until the dew-drop beheld the crimson depths of her heart glowing with love and passion.

Just then a sly sunbeam peeped out from behind an embroidered cloud, and saw the dew-drop which was quivering with emotion at the declaration of the rose.

"Heed not the foolish flower, sweet dew-drop," cried the sunbeam, "she would never love you as I can. Be mine, and I will bear thee up among the highest stars of heaven, and when I look at thee, thou shalt outshine them all."

The dew-drop was bewildered, and knew not what to say. It would gladly have reigned in the golden heavens, and be the

queen of the stars, but it feared the fierce ardor of the sunbeam; and then the rose kept whispering such sweet things to it with its mossy lips, that it could not help loving its gentle voice. So it thought a little, and then replied to the sunbeam thus:

"Oh, golden sunbeam, who gaze at me with thine eyes of splendor, thou art far too great for me to love thee. What would I, a poor, timid dew-drop, do, wedded to such magnificence as thine? At thy first embrace I should melt away and vanish like the morning mist upon the hills. But the sweet rose I love dearly. Her kisses are laden with perfume, and from her bosom steals forth all the fragrance of love. Oh fond and beautiful flower, in thy rosy chalice I will dwell forever and be happy."

Thus saying, the dew-drop slid gently

down into the glowing bosom of the rose, and nestled among her velvet leaves.

Sensible dew-drop! Well did'st thou know that it is not the love that dazzles most which brings the greatest peace. The love of the sunbeam would have been fatal to thee, while that of the rose gave thee happiness and contentment. Love, like the sky-lark, though sometimes soaring to heaven, still builds its nest upon earth.

WHEN I'M A MAN.

"I'm ten years old," said Harry Lee,
"And see! I'm just an inch more tall
Than last year when they measured me
Against the wall.
I have a birthday-gift—a gun;
It's only wood—but I've a plan
To shoulder thus a real one
When I'm a man.

"Come, be my comrade, brother Ben!"
"Oh no! excuse me, Captain Lee;
Before the sword I choose the pen.
I mean to be
An author famous far and wide;
My books shall flourish in the van
Of fame; you'll hear of me with pride
When I'm a man."

"And what will you do, brother Joe?"
"No fighter I, nor writer, sure;
Guns hurt, and books are dull; I'll go
Where winds are pure,
And woods are green, and waters gay,
And creatures, free as ever ran
On some lone Crusoe-island, play,
When I'm a man."

Says Willy: "Father's calling, 'Boys,
Here's something you can do for me.'"
Then what a grumbling! what a noise!
Says Willy Lee,
"I'm coming, father, I'll begin
To make folks happy while I can,
And do good, any place I'm in,
When I'm a man."

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

MY YOUNGER SISTER.

When I was a little girl, my mother, one pleasant May-day, permitted my little sister Alice and myself to visit a cousin, who lived nearly a mile distant. We were in high glee, and were very soon prepared to start. I was in such haste to see cousin Harriet, that I walked as fast as possible, and Alice was obliged to run to keep pace with me. Still we proceeded very well until we entered a piece of woods, where the path was very uneven. But, inconsiderate as I was, I hurried her along, and, becoming impatient, would every few moments give her a jerk, and tell her, "Come along faster; I'll not stay out all the afternoon for you. I'll leave you in the woods, and the bears will get you." Though I knew very well there were no bears there, and did not think of

leaving her, yet I unkindly wished to excite her fears, and thereby make her come more rapidly. Sometimes I would even run on before, until I was lost to her view; and when, by a fresh exertion of her almost exhausted strength, she would overtake me, I would say, "You had better hurry;" and, at any noise, I would tell her to listen, and see if the bears were not coming. When we reached our uncle's, Alice seemed much exhausted, and did not join in play with her usual vivacity; yet I thought but little of it at the time. When evening came, we rode home with our uncle, who was going to our house on business. When we alighted from the carriage, we ran in, and I began to tell mother what fine times we had had; but Alice lay down on the sofa, and soon fell asleep. When mother undressed and put her in bed, she noticed that she was

ghtly feverish, and remarked, "I think lice has played too hard." "I guess not, amma," I said; "I believe she did not ay quite as hard as usual, this afternoon;" id here the conversation ended. About idnight, I was awakened by Alice's shrieks ? "Oh! Marian, Marian, do not leave me; ie bears, the bears!" I started up in alarm, ying, "Why, Alice, are you dreaming? Ve are not in the woods. There are no ears here. We are in our own little bed at ome." With kisses and caresses, I gradu-lly soothed her; but scarcely had I fallen ito a doze, before I was again aroused by er shrieks, which soon brought mother to ie bed-side. She immediately discovered iat Alice was delirious, and suffering with high fever. A physician was instantly ummoned, who pronounced her disease a iolent attack of brain fever. I related the vents *of the* preceding day to mother, on

the first opportunity, and prayed God t forgive me, and to bless the means used fc my little sister's recovery. Alice lingere many weeks without any material chang and few were admitted to her bed-side.

One morning, as I came down to breal fast, my mother said to me, "Alice is muc better, and has just been inquiring for yo After breakfast you may go and sit by her

Oh! how much joy did those words conve to my heart! and as I sat by her, and ha her full assurance of forgiveness, how ver happy I felt! Every day I gathered beai tiful flowers, such as Alice loved, and place them in a little vase, where she could loo at them; and when, at last, she was able t walk out, I endeavored, by increased tende ness, to make up for that one act of unkin ness which cost her so much suffering. He sickness left her in a decline, and in a fe *months she* died.

COUSIN LOU.

LITTLE roguish Cousin Lou,
With her dancing eyes of blue;—
While the long and silken lashes,
Can't conceal their mirthful flashes.
Careless waving, golden tresses,
Which each passing breeze caresses;
Dimpled cheeks—and sunny smiles,
Silvery laugh— and playful wiles,
All these charms your love will woe,
For my witching Cousin Lou.

These are sure enough to please,
But my Lou has more than these;—
From her eyes of heavenly blue,
Beams a spirit kind and true;
Every warm and gen'rous feeling,
O'er her childish heart is stealing,—

And her soul is high and truthful,
Though her form is slight and youthful,
Is it very strange—think you,
That I love my darling Lou?

Little maiden, would you be,
Loved as tenderly as she?—
Never shrink the truth from telling,
Let no angry passions swelling,
Cloud your brow of smiling beauty;
Learn to yield to love and duty;
Wear a smile for all who meet you,—
Kind words as your playmates greet you—
Learn to be as good and true,
If you would be loved like Lou!

ADVICE IN RHYMES.



Y little girl, be always kind,
And cultivate a willing mind;
Be ready, by a word or smile,
The sad or weary to beguile;
And by your acts of love, to give
Pleasure to all with whom you live;
Be kind, then you will be polite,
Your manner simple, grateful, right.

My little girl, be soft and mild;
Oh, be a gentle, docile child!
Raise not your voice to friend or foe,
But let your tones be sweet and low.

Be truthful, open, and sincere,
Be independent without fear;
And if you know that you are right,
Shrink not from ridicule or slight.

Be simple in your taste for dress,
But clothe your soul in loveliness.
Be meek; oh, it is sweet to be
Apparelled in humility.
The faults of others do not seek,
And of them do not speak;
But daily search for all your own,
And strive to banish every one.

I MEAN TO BE GOOD TO-DAY.

Little Emma said, one day, "Now, mother, I mean to try and be a good girl all day, and see if the smiles will not come creeping, creeping, all over my face," and she put up her little fingers and traced around her cherry mouth and little rosy cheeks; "they will come creeping, creeping, just so, mother, and I shall have a little smiling face all over."

Oh, I thought, if all little children would make such a resolution as that, every morning, what a set of happy, smiling faces we should see!

Did you never see a little child who looked very cross in the morning, who would cry when her mother washed her, stick out her little feet when her mother put on her shoes

and stockings, and shake her little shoulders when she put on her dress, and be sulky for full an hour? Would the "smiles come creeping, creeping," over that cross child's face? No; I fear they would wait a long time before they came there.

Emma is sometimes cross in the morning, and then she seems to think about it, and says, "I mean to be a good little girl, mother; you shall have no naughty Emma to-day." And then her mother looks at her, and a little smile is creeping, creeping over Emma's face, and she is all one smile.

Emma is a very little girl; hardly three years old; but I never knew a little girl who kept trying to be good all the time as she does. Every night she says, "Our Father, please make Emma a good little girl. Amen."

Children, when you feel cross, and do not

want to be washed and dressed, and have your hair brushed, or when you speak in a sulky voice, and pout and cry, think of little Emma, and say, "Now I mean to be a good child to-day, and then smiles will come creeping, creeping."

Your mother loves to see the smiles. When she sees the pouting lips, and the tears in the eyes, she grieves, and wonders how soon they will be changed for a face where the smiles will love to come.

So put away your sour looks, little children, and see, see the smiles are coming creeping, creeping out of the corners of your mouth, over the little rosy cheek, lighting up the blue eyes, and the whole face looks like a pleasant landscape, when the sun shines upon it.

But the frowning face is like a landscape

when a dark cloud comes over the bright sky, and all is black and dismal.

Our Father in heaven loves to see the cheerful face of a little child, for it tells of a cheerful heart.

So try every day, little girls and little boys, try if you cannot be good children every day, and then you will see the smiles come creeping, creeping.

GOOD ADVICE FOR LITTLE ONES.

My dear little child,
Be gentle and mild;
For what can you get
By passion and pet,
But sorrow and shame,
A very bad name,
The loss of your peace,
And guilt in its place?

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

Oh! I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With naught but the sky above my head,
And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine,
All round upon my bed,
I will close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead!

Then Christ will send an angel
To take him up to him;
He will bear me slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
That stand about the throne,
'Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we've mourned
All the while she has been gone!

Oh! I shall be delighted,
To hear her speak again—
Though I know she 'll ne'er return to us—
To ask her would be vain!

So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I said to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you—
He 'll bear me slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue.

And you 'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out at play,
And have gone to sleep, beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

WILD FLOWERS.

Go, Florence, get me wild flowers,
My little merry Florence, do.
Run all about—see here and there,
In field and wood, and everywhere,
They spring up white and blue.

White and blue, and red and yellow,
Round about our pathway shine;
Everywhere beneath our feet
Spring up wild-flowers fresh and sweet,
To gladden hearts like thine.

Look round, the sunshine and the air,
The water-brooks that softly glide,
The mother-earth that keeps and warms,
Soft falling dews, careering storms
Have nourishment supplied.

Oh! gracious handiwork of God!
And thus is clothed the barren wild,
With flowers so odorous and so fair,
That spring so numerous everywhere
To please a little child.

Go, Florence, get me wild flowers;
Go gather of the flowers thy fill,—
The blue-bell and the orchis red,
The boughs of wilding overhead,
The broom from off the hill.

For, looking on a little flower,
A blessed truth shall reach thy heart,
A glimpse of that divinest plan—
That bond of love 'twixt man and man—
In which e'en thou hast part.

Mary Howitt

A STORY.

I WILL tell you a story about a little boy. It is a pretty story. I have read it in the Bible. Once there was a basket found in the rushes by the side of a river. It was made tight, so that the water could not get into it. There were a number of women near, when the basket was found. One of them was a princess, and her father was the king of that country. When they looked into the basket, they saw there a little child. Strange, that any mother should leave her babe in such a place. I will tell you the reason she left him there. She was a Hebrew woman. The king of the country where the child was found was wicked, and hated all the Hebrew people. He hated them so much, that he gave orders to have

all their children killed as soon as t
were born. The mother of this babe
him in this basket, or ark, to save his
She thought, I suppose, that someb
would come and have pity on him.
there was a friend of hers very near, to
what would become of the child. Well,
king's daughter heard the babe cry, and
did pity him. The woman who was wa
ing him, asked if she should not go and
a nurse for him. The princess said
and the woman went and called his mot
So the child was saved, and lived m
years, and the Lord made him a very g
and useful man. The name of this c
was Moses.

A GOOD-NIGHT SONG.



O bed, to bed, my curly head,
To bed, and sleep so sweetly;
Merry and bright, with the morning light,
Be up, and dressed so neatly.

Then for a walk, and a pleasant talk
About the birds and flowers;
And all the day, in work and play,
We'll pass the happy hours.

And then to bed, to rest the head,
And sleep until the morrow:
May every day thus glide away,
Without a shade of sorrow.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

COME to me, little child! I am going to teach you a sweet lesson out of God's precious book. This is the Bible, you know—God's own book. He gives it to us, and he bids us teach our children out of it. So I am going to teach you one sweet little verse:

"Thou, God, seest me."

Yes, God sees you, standing or sitting there. And he likes to see you learning a verse out of his own book, for he loves little children. He is full of love.

God is here now. He is in this very room. You can't see him; but he sees you. Wherever you are, he watches you; and he takes care of you at night when it is dark, and when nobody can see you but God. He sees you, too, when you awake in the morning, and open your eyes, and jump out of *your little* bed. For God is always beside you.

OH, HARK! THE BABY CRIES.

H, hark! Oh, hark! the baby cries,
.s on his little bed he lies:
[e looks around, and mother's gone,
.nd he don't like to be alone.
But mother is coming,
Oh see how she's running,
'o learn what the matter can be;
But she soon will find out
What it all is about;
.nd how very sorry is she.

Ay little babe must never fret,
.nd put himself in such a pet;
3ut play with his fingers and his toes,
.nd lie very still when mother goes.
Now sister is coming,
I hear her a running

To see what the matter can be;
She has heard the loud cries,
And away now she flies,
For a dear loving sister is she.

Our little boy must never fret,
And put himself in such a pet,
But give us kisses, one, two, three:
Here, come! I'll take you on my knee.
Now see your dear mother,
And sister and brother,
Who always are loving and true;
And when they're away,
Lie still, laugh and play,
They'll soon come again back to you.

THE FARMER AND HIS SON;

A FABLE.

LYING at the point of death, a farmer, ing desirous that his son should pursue e same occupation in which he had him- lf been engaged all his life, made use of is expedient to induce him to enter upon with industry and perseverence. While e boy knelt at his father's bedside, with s other children, the latter addressed him us:—"All the patrimony, my son, which have to leave you, is my farm and vine- rd, of which I make you sole heir. But charge you not to let it out of your own nds, for if I have any treasure beside, it buried somewhere in the ground, within foot of the surface." This made the son nclude that he talked of money which he

had hidden there; so, after his fathe death, with unwearied diligence and apı cation, he carefully dug up every inch bo of the farm and the vineyard; from whi it came to pass, that though he found n the treasure which he expected, the groun by being so well stirred and loosened, pı duced so plentiful a crop of all that w sown in it, as proved a real and no incon derable treasure. We see from this fab little boys and girls, that industry is itsel treasure.

ANNIE.

I'VE a sweet little pet!—she is up with t lark,
And at eve she's asleep when the valle are dark,

ıd she chatters and dances the blessed day long,
›w laughing in gladness — now singing a song.
.e never is silent!—the whole summer day
ıe is off on the green with the blossoms at play;
›w seeking a buttercup—plucking a rose,
· laughing aloud at the thistle she blows.

ıe never is still!—now at some merry elf,
›u 'll smile as you watch her, in spite of yourself;
›u may chide her in vain, for those eyes, full of fun,
:e smiling in mirth at the mischief she 's done;
ıd whatever you do — that same thing, without doubt,
ust the mischievous Annie be busied about;

She 's as brown as a nut, but a beaut
me,
And there 's nothing her keen little
cannot see.

She dances and sings, and has many s
airs,
And to infant accomplishments, adding
prayers.
I have told everything that the darling
do,
For 't was only last summer her years
ber'd two.
She 's the picture of health—and a soul
born thing,
Just as ready to weep as she 's ready to
And I fain would be foe to the lip that
smiled
At this wee bit of song of the *dear*
child.

THE MURMURING FOUNTAIN.

A FABLE.

"WHAT a wearisome life do I lead here!" ıid a little fountain to itself one day, as it ıbbled up in the middle of a very small 'een spot in an unfrequented part of a ırning desert. "What an insignificant ;tle fountain I am! I have not the satis- ction of pouring out a large stream of ater, and fertilizing a great extent of this ıdless desert. If I were, then I should see hole caravans of men, and horses, and ımels, stop around me, and quench their ırst, and repose their weary limbs upon .e fresh green grass that would spring up ›out me. To be sure it is green as far as can see, for I am such a very little stream ıat my vision extends but a very little ay; but I know enough, to be sure that it

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is but a very little space that my wate
make the grass green and keep it moi

As the little spring was bubbling ou
low tone these lamentations, she he
bustle and a noise at a distance, an
sently the cry of "Joy! Joy!" was l
As the sound came nearer, there appe
party of travellers, consisting of an e
gentleman and lady, a little boy, an
servants, who were assisting the gentl
to support a young girl, who seemed
fainting from fatigue or some other
The little boy first reached the borde
the spring, and rushing up to the
fountain, quenched his thirst at the
source, and ran back to meet his
crying out, "Gheer up, sister, here is a
fountain, and a nice little bed of green
just big enough for you to lie down u

The party now came up; and h

placed the young lady upon the grass, and sprinkled her face, and moistened her lips with water, she opened her eyes, and by degrees regained strength, and was able to support herself.

By this time the remainder of the party came up, which consisted of horses, servants, and camels, furnished with all the usual appendages of caravans in the desert. As soon as they stopped, and had quenched the thirst of the men and the beasts, they spread a cloth, and arranged a meal, which was eaten with good relish by all the party, and by none with a better than the young lady, who had now entirely recovered herself, and was able to take her part in the gay conversation.

From this conversation, which was gay now that the dangers were all over, the fountain learned that the party, in crossing

the desert, had wandered from the usu
path which led by one of the large spring
in consequence of their having heard th
there was a party of Arab robbers in th
neighborhood. Their trusty guide, wh
knew perfectly all the parts of the deser
was acquainted with this little fountain, an
had ventured away from the beaten trac
that they might elude the robbers. Th
path proved longer than they had expecte
and the young lady, who was rather delica
in health, had become almost exhauste
when they reached the welcome spring i
the manner just related.

After having refreshed and rested then
selves, the party resumed their journey, an
reached the end of it in safety. The
never ceased to remember with gratitude th
little spring surrounded with its border c
grass; and the young lady, who drew wit

ome skill, made a little sketch of the foun-
ain, which she finished carefully when she
eached her own home; and it formed a very
retty picture, at which the family often
ooked with pleasure.

After they were gone, the little fountain
ubbled away much more gladly than before.
he said to herself, "How glad I am that
ll the water in the desert was not poured
ut into the great springs, but that there are
ome little fountains scattered around, here
nd there! And what a happy little foun-
ain I am, that I have been able to give so
nuch pleasure and relief to those good
eople! I will never vex myself at my in-
ignificance again, but keep bubbling as fast
s I can, although I only fertilize a very
ittle spot; since, if I always take care to
prinkle the water about so judiciously as to
eep every part of the grass within my

reach moist and green, and always have a draught ready for every weary traveller that comes this way, I shall do all that is expected of any spring, great or small."

BE PLEASANT.

When little ones worry,
Their parents feel sorry,
And all who are near them are sad;
But when they are good,
And smile as they should,
Their friends are contented and glad.
How much better it is to be cheerful and sing,
Than to have to be called, "a cross little thing."



EVENING PRAYER.

JESUS, tender shepherd, hear me,
Bless a little child to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed m
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun and stars and moon,
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander b

ıey have left their nests in the forest bough;
ıose homes of delight they need not now;
ıd the young and the old they wander out,
ıd traverse their green world round about:
ıd hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
›w one to the other they lovingly call;
'ome up, come up!" they seem to say,
Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!

'ome up, come up, for the world is fair,
here the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
ıd the birds below give back the cry,
Ve come, we come, to the branches high!"
›w pleasant the life of a bird must be,
itting about in a leafy tree;
ıd away through the air what joy to go,
ıd to look on the bright, green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild,
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy regions old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

Mrs. Howitt.

THE TWO ADVISERS.

THERE was once a little girl whose name was Kitty, and she had two advisers who were always telling her what she had better do. One generally spoke the quickest, and that I shall call the first adviser; the other, who was modest, though very faithful, shall be called the second. Sometimes she minded

one, and sometimes the other, and accordin as she heeded the one or the other, so sh behaved.

Kitty slept in a little room near he mother's, and her mother usually waked he in the morning with "Jump up, Kitty." Early one winter's morning, "Jump up Kitty," waked the child, and she lifted he head, and it looked early, and felt quit wintry. "I would not get up," said th first adviser, who was always sure to be a hand, "be quiet in your snug little bed; i is very cold and early; stay where you ar warm."

"Kitty, it is time to be stirring," whis pered the other, for they were always cross counselling each other. "It is time to b stirring, Kitty; your morning duties ar waiting for you; up, up!" Kitty though a moment, and then jumped up. She care

fully dressed herself; then she shut the door and knelt down to pray, thanking God for his kind care through the night, and asking for help through the day. Then she skipped out, crying joyfully, "Mamma, can I help you? can I help you, dear mamma?" but her mamma had gone down stairs; so she sat down by the fire in her mother's chamber, and began to study her spelling lesson; and study Kitty did with all her might. After breakfast she dusted the parlor, and brought papa's boots, and hushed the baby, and did all she had to do with a sweet and willing spirit; and her mother thought, as her little one went to school, "What a comfort Kitty is to me." All the morning Kitty was hearkening to the second adviser.

I do not know how it was during the forenoon at school, but as Kitty was walking down the sunny side of the street, on the

way to school in the afternoon, "It is to pleasant to be cooped up in a school-room, whispered the first adviser; "it is nice t walk, it is nice to play, to slide, or do some thing else." Kitty listened, and as sh listened, she lagged and lagged more an more, until, in quite a discontented mood she reached the school-room. School ha begun, and she was tardy; this was quit provoking. Kitty went to her seat, and sa down in a rather pettish manner. "Plea santer to be walking than to be here, whispered the same adviser. Then sh opened her desk, and sereened by the cove from the teacher's eye, she began to whispe to one of the girls to go to walk after school but the teacher saw it, and it grieved he Then Kitty nibbled a cake. Then, whe her class was called up her lesson was n learned, and she missed, and she pouted, an

the first adviser kept saying, "it is too long a lesson by half;" and Kitty cried, and said she could not learn it. Alas, Kitty had not tried, and the teacher was sorely grieved, and she said, "Kitty can be studious and good, but sometimes she is *very* troublesome."

Now, which adviser was the safest and best; the first or the second? The first was called Feeling, and the second Principle. Feeling seeks only to gratify for the moment; Principle endeavors to do what is right. Feeling looks only at self; Principle has an eye on the comfort and interests of others as well as self. Feeling is uncertain, unsteady, and not to be relied upon; Principle is true, straightforward, and trusty. Which adviser is safest and best; and which do the little girls follow who read this?

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

GENTLY o'er the evening sky,
Rosy clouds were floating by,
While the sunset's glowing rays
Tinged with gold the forest trees,
Sparkling on the flowing river,
Where the water lillies quiver.

Near its flow'ry margin fair,
Knelt a little child at prayer—
With clasped hands, and dewy eyes,
Like the azure of the skies;
And a brow serene and holy,
Murm'ring thus in accents lowly.

"Father, who from Heaven above,
Lookest down on earth in love—
Guard me through the coming night,
Bless me with the morning light;
And when Death each tie shall sever,
Let me live with Thee forever."

THE CANARY BIRD.

A LITTLE girl named Caroline had a charm-
g Canary bird. The little creature sang
)m early morning until evening; it was a
ry beautiful bird, of a bright yellow, with
black head. Caroline gave it seeds and
een vegetables, and, at times, a piece of
gar, and every day fresh and pure water.
But all at once the little bird began to
oop; and one morning, as Caroline came
bring it water, it lay dead in its cage.
The little girl raised loud lamentations
er the beloved bird, and wept bitterly.
ıt the child's mother went and purchased
ıother, with colors still more beautiful, and
hich sang as sweetly as the former one,
ıd placed it in the cage.
But the little girl wept still more when
e saw the new bird.

Then the mother wondered greatly, and said, "My dear child, why dost thou still weep? why art thou so very sad? Thy tears will not call the dead bird back to life again, and here thou hast another equally beautiful."

Then the child said, "Ah, dear mother, I have acted unkindly toward the little creature, and I have not done all for it that I could and ought to have done."

"Dear Lina," answered the mother, "thou hast tended it very carefully."

"Ah, no!" replied the child. "A short time before its death, I did not bring it a piece of sugar which you gave me for it, but ate it myself." Thus spoke the little girl with a heavy heart.

But the mother did not smile at her complaints, for she recognised and revered the *sacred* voice of nature in the heart of the *child.*

"Alas!" she said, "what must be the feelings of an ungrateful child, when it stands by the grave of its parents!"

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes,
When the winds are low;
Brighter than the spring-time blushes,
Reddening out of snow,
Were the voice and cheek so fair,
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,
Climbing through the light;
Like a priestess in the shadow
Of the temple bright,
Seemed she, saying, Holy One,
Thine and not my will be done.

THE STRAYED LAMB.

A GIDDY lamb one afternoon
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it, broken-hearted.

Not all the flock that shared his love,
Could from the search delay him;
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way,
In sorrow till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lie,
He clasped his arms around it.

And closely sheltered in his breast,
From every ill to save it;
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And so the Saviour will forgive
The *little ones* that fear him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him:

Bless while they live, and when they die,
When soul and body sever,
Conduct them to his home on high,
To dwell with him for ever.

MY FIRST AND LAST THEFT.

Now, my little friends, I am about to confess to you an incident of my childhood—a very sinful act, but one which I am persuaded resulted in a repentance over which the angels in heaven rejoiced; for its memory has proved a fortress against temptation in all my subsequent life. But I will relate

the incident, and make my comments afterward. I was five years old, and I recollect now, that so strong was my passion for everything beautiful, I used to wish I could gather the stars and the beautiful red and golden clouds in my apron, as I did the buttercups and daisies of the meadows. I attended the village school; it was summer time, and the older girls learned the various branches of needle-work. One girl was constructing some very beautiful patch-work, and, as I feasted my eager eyes on the bright colors and curious figures of the separate pieces, I became covetous of their possession. But I had already imbibed too strong a horror of theft to be guilty of abstracting the tiniest patch from the rightful owner. One morning, however, being first at school, I discovered one of the most coveted pieces *upon the floor,* at some distance from Cyn-

thia's desk. I took it in my hand in a perfect rapture. The treasure was *mine*, and I danced merrily around, gazing the while upon the piece of calico. But suddenly the thought intruded, "I know whose it is. Cynthia would not give it to me, and I have no right to keep it." "But," whispered covetousness, "you found it, and have a right to keep it." How the struggle between my good and evil angel would then have terminated is doubtful, as the coming of other scholars interrupted the parley, and cut off the possibility of replacing the patch where the owner would be sure to find it. I thrust it in my bosom, and went to my seat. But alas! my spirits were gone. I had no relish for my usual sports, and while my schoolmates were enjoying their recesses in the most uproarious mirth, I was silent and abstracted; my little heart was a fierce

battle-ground between the contending spir
of good and evil. Oh, how I longed for
opportunity, unobserved, to return the stol
patch! for I had at length resolved that
was stealing to keep what I knew belong
to another, even though I found it out
her possession; at any rate, it was not doi
as I would be done by, and I felt myself
criminal under condemnation until restit
tion was made. I do not recollect that
had any fear of detection, but I had th
instinctive regard for my reputation, that
would not return it openly; my consciou
ness of the wrong I had meditated, being
absorbing as to associate the acknowled
ment of it with an acknowledgment of p
session; and this, I philosophised, did n
come under the head of those sins whi
were to be confessed to men, the injury l
ing reparable without confession. I fou

no opportunity to return the corroding treasure, and was obliged to carry it to my home, and here I hoped to forget it till the morning. But no; my theft found me out even there. I passed a sleepless night; I avoided my mother's presence, for I felt that her inquiring eye would draw my secret from me, and how could I have her know how nearly I had committed the sin she had taught me to abhor? I was first at the school-room on that morning, and laid the now hateful calico upon Cynthia's desk. And if ever I have been tempted in subsequent life to appropriate to my own selfish use, though indirectly, the rights, the privileges, or the praise justly due to others, the memory of my first theft has turned my grateful heart to the contemplation of those thornless joys which ever flow from the consciousness of rendering to each his due, of

"doing to others as we would have others do to us." And now, my young friends, have you not a *first theft* to remember? and did you not find the possession of what you thought would make you very happy, a source of misery? Did you not loathe yourself, and seek to escape from your thoughts? And did not the thought of God and heaven rest with a frown upon all your enjoyments? And have you struggled against temptation to do wrong, and come off conqueror over evil? And were you not then happier without the coveted blessing than you could have been, I had almost said, in its rightful attainment? Yes, the sweetest enjoyment of our lives is that which we win in overcoming evil—the trophies wrested from temptations to sin. Remember this when you find yourself face to face with the spirit of evil, and *gird on your* armor, resolving never to surrender. "Heaven speeds the right."

FLOWERS.

THE flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell;
And oh, how beautiful they are,
How sweetly too they smell!

The little birds, they spring along,
And look so glad and gay;
I love to hear their pleasant song,
I feel as glad as they.

The young lambs bleat and frisk about,
The bees hum round the hive,
The butterflies are coming out:
'T is good to be alive.

THE LITTLE DORMOUSE.

The little Dormouse is tawny red;
He makes against winter a nice snug bed;
He makes his bed in a mossy bank,
Where the plants in the summer grow tall and rank:
Away from the daylight, far under ground,
His sleep through the winter is quiet and sound,
And when all above him it freezes and snows,
What is it to him?—naught of it he knows;
And till the cold time of the winter is gone,
The little Dormouse keeps sleeping on.

But at last, in the fresh breezy days of the spring,
When the green leaves bud, and the merry *birds sing,*

nd the dread of winter is over and past,
he little Dormouse peeps out at last.
ut of his snug, quiet burrow he wends,
nd looks all about for his neighbors and friends;
hen he says, as he sits at the foot of a larch,
'T is a beautiful day for the first of March!
he Violet is blowing, the blue sky is clear;
he Lark is upspringing, his carol I hear;
nd in the green fields are the Lamb and the Foal;
am glad I'm not sleeping now down in my hole!"

hen away he runs, in his merry mood,
ver the fields and into the wood,
o find any grain there may chance to be,
r any small berry that hangs on the tree.

rom early morning till late at night,
s the poor little creature its own delight,
oking down to the earth and up to the
sky,
inking, "What a happy Dormouse am I!"

Mrs. Howitt.

THE END.



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